To conquer the kingdome,
Then to ſpeake ſo much more French.
Kate. A your Maieſty
Has falſe France enough, to deceiue
De beſt Lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Doſt thou loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your Cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me:
But I pray thee ſweet Kate, vſe me mereifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye Kate, is ſure:
But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
What wench,
A ſtraight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate prooue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a ſouldier, take a ſouldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe de king my Father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him,
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate ile kiſſe thee.
Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor.

Harry